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LAFFITE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

He had missed the picture from its place over his hearth at Barataria; knowing there were others like it, he had not thought that he was looking at what had been his own.

Presently, with a sign indicating repentance, Jackson handed the last paper to Lafitte, and leaning forward, he placed his elbows upon the arms of his chair, said, his voice showing more of respect than anger, "Most edifying document of reading, to be sure, Lafitte. Are these all—these papers, two of them addressed to you, Capt. Percy's instructions to his subordinates, and the proclamation to the people of this state?"

"These are all, general; and they contain all the information within my power to give you now," Lafitte replied.

Claiborne began to re-fold the paper, while the general turned to Lafitte. "Is a fine offer you have received which you possibly desire?"

"I wish—will take, nothing that I can ever have to offer me," he added, with sudden fierceness, "the nation, and its ways! Nothing could induce me to accept, or ever, any terms from the Eng-

—fencing at the clock on the mantel opposite him—"It is late, and I must return to headquarters. I shall look for you to report to me at nine in the morning, to talk over matters in detail. I must know precisely as to the amount of assistance I am to count upon from you; and there are other things about which I wish to consult you. I understand that no man is so familiar as yourself with the country to the south and southwest of here. Is this true?"

"Yes, general, as I think I may say without egotism."

"So I supposed; and I shall have some questions to ask of you in regard to it. My knowledge of the country is not entirely complete, and I wish to obtain all possible information respecting the roads and waterways."

"I shall be happy to serve you, sir, to the best of my ability; and I thank you, gentlemen—both of you, for the favor you have shown me."

The sudden hushiness of Lafitte's firm voice was the only indication of his pent-up feelings, as he added, "Tonight, Gen. Jackson, I thank you, in words; but I hope to soon manifest my gratitude in a more substantial form—one that shall cause you no regret for the justice you have shown to Jean Lafitte of Barataria."

He left them—his departure being as rapid and quiet as had been his appearance; and Jackson, turning to Claiborne, said, with a smile of grim satisfaction, "I believe that we can save New Orleans; and if we do, by the Eternal, a good share of the credit will belong to the men whom I called 'pirates and robbers,' and approved of your hanging!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The December sunshine lying about La Tete des Eaux gave a warmth and brightness that would have made the season of the year scarcely to be realized by one born to New England's ice and snow; and the cold breeze



Extended both hands, which Lafitte grasped cordially.

will; if not, then I will try to take care of that, and they are yours with- out fail. The one thing I demand is that I have stated already—a full pardon for my men and myself—a pardon for all offenses or alleged offenses against the laws of this state or of the United States."

"Assuming," said Claiborne, "that everything is as you say, and that your proposition is accepted, what security have I, as governor of this state, and responsible, not only to its people, but to the President, that you will fulfill your agreement?"

With an impatient glance at Claiborne, started to speak; but he checked himself as Lafitte answered, "My personal manhood and honor. Ask any merchant of New Orleans with whom I have had dealings if ever I failed to fulfill my com- mitment. Ask any bank in New Orleans if my paper has ever been dishonored. Ask any man, woman or child, white or black, who knows my name, but will tell you that I always keep my prom- ises."

"Well answered!" And Jackson, with a vestige of reserve now swept away from his chair, and com- ing around the table, extended both hands, which Lafitte grasped cordially.

Claiborne's manner underwent a marked change, although it was still somewhat formal as he said, "Capt. Lafitte, I cannot do otherwise than be- lieve you to be sincere, and to admire motives which have led you to this most honorable course. I am pleased to be able to recognize in you a good and loyal citizen; and my recommendation against you will be re- voked in the morning. Meanwhile, in the name of amity between us, here is my hand, sir."

Lafitte, after a moment's hesitation, extended the hand, and bent his head in a courteous nod as that which had marked Claiborne's former

stirring among the trees would have been but the frosty breath of early fall, turned by the sunrise to dew that drenched the grass and few fallen leaves.

Gen. La Roche was hurrying through breakfast, while his saddled horse, in charge of a mounted negro, pawed impatiently as he stood waiting for his master.

La Roche had returned home only the day before, for a brief visit, and to assure himself that all was well with his household, consisting now of his sister, Lazalle, and Rose de Caze- neau.

Even at this, the last hour of his stay, some of the items of news he had brought from the city were being discussed and enlarged upon.

"A curious change of affairs," re- marked Madame Rieft, "that Gen. Jackson should now be trusting so much to the Baratarians, who, only last September, were denounced by him, as well as by every one else."

The general laughed.

"Well—yes. In September they were 'pirates,' and 'hellish banditti'; but in December they are privateers, and their leaders are gentlemen. Yet I can assure you that they are brave fellows and tremendous fighters, and just the men needed now to help save New Orleans."

Then, while folding his napkin, the general said animatedly, "How could I have forgotten to tell you a most surprising piece of news about Capt. Jean? That young man is a puzzle to me."

"What now?" asked Lazalle with marked interest, as La Roche pushed back his chair and looked at his watch.

"Just this," answered La Roche, smiling at her, and then glancing at the others in a way to show that he was about to startle them: "It appears that Capt. Jean has the honor of a personal acquaintance with Napoleon."

"What!" chorused the three amazed hearers; and Madame Rieft murmur- ed, in an awe-stricken tone, "Capt. Jean knows the French emperor!"

La Roche nodded.

"But he is emperor no longer, my dear, nor was he such when Lafitte knew him."

"But how can such a thing be possi- ble?" Lazalle began when Madame Rieft, having recovered herself, in- terrupted with: "Tell us all about it, Phillip. How could he know Napoleon, and where did you hear such an im- probable story?"

"From himself," was the laconic re- ply, accompanied by a look of great satisfaction.

The general was filled with exulta- tion at his ability to give his sister- who had frequently expressed her dis- like of his intimacy with Lafitte—a piece of information which he was quite aware would, with her—a wor- shiper of the illustrious Corsican—place the Baratarian leader in a po- sition second only to him whose ac- quaintance he could claim.

"I cannot credit such a thing," she declared.

"You could, and you would, had you been where I was, to hear what he said to Gen. Jackson. It came about in this way: A week or ten days ago, Lafitte rendered an important service, of a private nature, to Claiborne, and the governor urged him to name some- thing as a reward for his services. What Lafitte asked was a picture of Napoleon, which it seems was his own property, although he was not aware of it at the time. It had been looted by one of our men during that Sep- tember attack on Barataria, and Claiborne had rescued it, being about as glad over Napoleon as you, yourself, sister mine; and Lafitte had seen it hanging on the wall of the governor's study."

"The other day, at headquarters, I was present when Jackson and Lafitte were having a conference, during which the general spoke of the mat- ter, and rallied Lafitte upon the sen- timental price he had named for so val- uable a service; he added that prob- ably, like all Frenchmen, he made a sort of male Madonna out of Na- poleon."

"I wish you could have seen Lafitte's face when he answered, 'I revere him as the man I have known and loved since I was a young boy, and who has been as truly my guardian angel as ever a good Catholic could pray the Holy Mother to be.' And I wish you could have seen Jackson's face as he heard it."

Madame Rieft gasped, and the two girls exclaimed in amazement.

"It was in France, then, that Capt. Jean knew him?" Madame said won- deringly.

"Naturally, Louise, as Napoleon has never been in this country." The gen- eral now consulted his watch, and added, "I must be off; and, by the way, let none of you mention the sur- prising fact that I have just related, as it might not be pleasing to Capt. Jean. He said no more than I have re- peated, and was unmistakably averse to enlarging upon the subject."

"He always seems averse to talking of himself, or of his past life," Lazalle said, as if thinking aloud, while they rose from the table; and Madame Rieft remarked rather severely that it was perhaps because there was some disgrace connected with his past, and that this it might be which had made him leave France.

The look of resentful indignation which this uncharitable comment brought to Madame Rieft's face was somewhat softened when the general, laying a hand on either of his sister's plump shoul- ders, said, as he kissed her cheek, "For one so naturally kind of heart as you are, Louise, it is curious what wrong things you occasionally think in regard to other people."

After he was in the saddle, and the ladies were standing on the veranda to see him depart, he warned Lazalle that, for the present at least, she should confine her aquatic excursions to the immediate vicinity of the plan- tation. Then, observing the perturbed expression his words had brought to Madame Rieft's face, he added that they were not to worry about the Eng- lish, as the latter were not at all likely to appear in the neighborhood of Lake Borgne.

(To be continued.)

Conductor Has Reward Coming.

The combination of strike, rain and crowded surface cars has been hard on women and children who must travel up and down town. A mile of a girl stood in the rain at Thirty-third street and Broadway for more than an hour on Wednesday night, trying to get a car up town. Finally a blockade caused a car to stop near her. The conductor was on the rear platform, so hemmed in that he had not collect- ed a fare for twenty minutes.

"Mister Conductor," said the child, crying, "I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me on."

The conductor grasped the roof of the car, pulled himself up and, stand- ing on the dashboard, lifted the weep- ing little one into the place he had made vacant. Then he transferred a nickel from his trousers pocket to the coat pocket where he kept the com- pany's money.

"I want your number," said the girl. "I won't ever forget you, and I'll em- broider you something nice."—New York Sun.

A Natural Inquiry.

The simplicity of some former in- augural happenings is illustrated by an odd story which has been revived and is going the rounds at Washing- ton. It was originally told by Freder- ick Douglass in his lecture on John Brown. Just after his first inaugura- tion President Lincoln was one day blacking his boots in democratic fash- ion when several foreign diplomats called and caught him in the act. One of them remarked, sneeringly: "Mr. President, in our countries the chief executives do not black their own boots."

"Indeed," said Mr. Lincoln, with evident curiosity, "whose boots do they black?"

THE HISTORY OF POLICEMAN FLYNN

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

HE HAS TROUBLE IN LOSING A PRISONER.

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It was when Policeman Barney Flynn was a new man on "th' force" that he lost a prisoner, and he frank- ly admitted afterwards that he "niver sh'd ha-ave found him in th' fir-st place." In other words, experience taught him that the arrest was not justified, but the new policeman in- variably is jealous of his authority and his dignity. So, when he had told the man to move on and the man had re- tort by making various sarcastic and otherwise objectionable remarks, Po- liceman Flynn deemed it necessary for the honor and dignity of his official position to assert himself.

"Then take me to the station," per- sisted the man. "I'm your prisoner. You've got me, haven't you?"

"Divil ta-ake ye, I can't lose ye!" exclaimed Policeman Flynn, irritably. "G'wan about ye-er business now, an' quit ye-er worryin' iv me."

The prisoner caught the policeman by the arm and pulled him along.

"Hang it all!" he cried. "Why don't you do your duty?"

"Lave me loose!" commanded Po- liceman Flynn. "D'ye think ye-er th' whole po-lis force? I'll not arrist anny wan on compulsion."

"But you've already arrested me," urged the man.

"Thin I let ye go."

"But I refuse to be liberated. Come on, can't you?" And he almost



The Prisoner Caught the Policeman by the Arm and Pulled Him Along.

"Get a move on ye, now, or I'll r-run ye in," he said.

"Well, run me in," retorted the man. "Don't stand there talking about it, but do it."

"I will," said Policeman Flynn, but he intended it only as a threat.

"Well, why don't you?" was the taunting response.

The man was one of the aggressively troublesome fellows who think they know all about individual liberty.

"I will," said Policeman Flynn again, and he took the man by the shoulder.

"Niver will it be said that anny wan on me beat can talk ba-ack to me."

There spoke the new policeman who makes work for himself; the older ones are never so foolish.

"Will ye go quiet-like or will I ta-ake a club to ye?" inquired the po- liceman, as he tightened his grip on the man's coat.

"Oh, I'll go along all right," an- swered the man. "I was thinking of dropping in on the sergeant anyway, and we'll just go together. I haven't seen him in almost a year."

Policeman Flynn hesitated. Men who want to see the sergeant are a rarity, and there is always a chance that they have some "infloo'nce" at headquarters.

"If ye'll g'wan about ye-er business I'll l'ave ye go," he suggested.

"But I won't," asserted the man. "I'm under arrest and I'm going to the station. If I've violated the law, you have no right to compromise the mat- ter with me—it's your duty to lock me up."

This sounded to Policeman Flynn like a "bluff," and he hastened to "call" it.

"Come on, thin!" he exclaimed. "I'll put ye behind th' ba-ars fast enough, an' if ye don't come willin' I'll ca- all th' blue wagon."

Nevertheless, he wasn't exactly sat- isfied. The prisoner was too willing, and it is extremely disconcerting to have charge of a man who wants to be arrested. A man in the strong grasp of the law ought to hold back and change his tone. It began to dawn on Policeman Flynn before they had gone a block that perhaps the man was not "bluffing" after all. So he stopped short and released him.

"G'wan, now!" he said. "I'll not be bothered with ye any more. G'wan home!"

"I won't," answered the man. "I'm your prisoner, and if you connive at the escape of a fellow you've placed under arrest I'll prefer charges against you. I'm going with you."

"Ye'll be sorry f'r it," suggested Po- liceman Flynn. "Ye'll find no feather beds at th' station, an' there do be r-rats in th' cells."

"I'm taking my chances," returned the man. "Come on!"

"I won't," said Policeman Flynn in his turn. "What cha-arge w'd I make ag'in ye?"

"That's your business," said the man.

"If ye'd been ray-astin' an officer iv th' la-aw," commented Policeman Flynn, "t' w'd be all r-right."

"Oh, well, if it will help you any," said the man, "I'll resist. I'll punch you in the stomach and—"

"If ye do," interrupted Policeman Flynn, menacingly, "I'll hit ye a clip an' th' head with th' club."



Then, said the man—"As a Matter of Personal Accommodation to You, I Will Leave You."

"Thray?" pleaded Policeman Flynn. "Can't ye do a good tur-run f'r a ma-an?"

"Do you ask it as a favor?"

"Fr sure. I ask ye to g'wan home an' l'ave me alone."

"Oh, well, as a favor to you," re- turned the man, "possibly I might con- sent not to be arrested on this occa- sion."

"T'w'd be a gr-reat favor, I don't wa-ant ye. I ha-ave no use f'r ye at all."

"Then," said the man, "as a matter of personal accommodation to you I will leave you."

"Thin I wint on th' force," mut- tered Policeman Flynn, as he resumed his beat. "I thought I might ha-ave throuble keepin' a pris'n'r, but I niver knew t'w'd be so har-rd f'r to lose wan."

The Kaiser is having a new racing yacht constructed which will be al- most flat-bottomed, and have a new system of ballast.

DOUBLE-BASS A MONSTER.

Extraordinarily Large Instrument Made in Germany for Use in Chicago Orchestra.

The extraordinary large double-bass here illustrated was made by Herr Otto Roth in Markneukirchen, and is



intended for use in a Chicago or- chestra. It is about 14 feet high, and its body about seven feet. The top part of the body is about three feet four inches across; the lower part about five feet. It weighs 150 pounds.

SNAKE SET DANGER SIGNAL.

Reptile's Choice of Sleeping Place Made Trouble for Employees of the Railroad.

Running at the rate of 65 miles an hour near Harrisburg, Pa., a train of the Philadelphia & Reading rail- way, filled with passengers, came to a sudden stop, halted by the red light of a block signal.

After waiting the minute in which a train is supposed to clear the short blocks, the engineer proceeded with caution, expecting a wreck or at least a broken rail. When he came to the next signal post the white light was shining bright and clear.

He did not stop to investigate and in spite of his fears of a medical ex- amination to determine if he could distinguish between white and red light, he reported the occurrence. An inspector was sent at once to the pole and found the red still showing.

A thorough investigation overhead and above ground showed no defect. The inspector finally removed the top of the underground case which con- tains the electric connections with the rails.

A garter snake 22 inches long lay comfortably coiled, its head cushioned on the delicate spring, depressing it so that it made the contact neces- sary to set the signal at danger.

A second after the snake was dis- covered the semaphore dropped from the danger to the clear position and a white light gleamed from the pole.

FRIENDSHIP A STRANGE ONE

Cat and Duck Are Chums, According to a Story That Comes from England.

We have had the usual crop of curi- osities as to nesting places and strange families adopted by birds and animals, but nothing more diverting than a fel- lowship which exists between a cer- tain ample "mouser" and a duck of goose-like proportions.

Puss waits by the side of the pond in which the duck takes its bath, then the two retire in company to the shade of the trees and lie down in amity. How the cat tolerates the wet feath- ers of its comrade is a mystery; but there they lie, the duck with one of its wings spread as a shield over the cat, the tail of the latter curled like a very smart bow about the neck of its feathered friend.

So long as the worm keeps beneath the turf and songsters do not stoop too low in the air the idyl lasts, and all local life wonders.

OLD-TIME EDUCATION.



A Grecian bowl of the fifth century B. C., showing the method of teaching the young boys by illustration.

Book 2,000 Years Old.

A descendant of the ancient Baby- lonians, Mrs. Annie Naparian, of Nashua, N. H., has in her possession a book written in the language of the race and supposed by her to be dated many years before the Christian era. The book is 13 inches long, 8 inches wide and 5 inches thick. The covers are made of black walnut covered with leather. The leaves of the book are not of paper, but are made of some kind of skin.

A Fence of Doors.

Near Ridgewood, in Brooklyn, there is perhaps the oddest fence in Great- er New York. It is composed entirely of doors—scores of them, all of a height and joined together. The fence has stood for years on the Myrtle avenue line of the Brooklyn Heights railroad. What strange freak induced its owner to erect it is a mystery, but it furnishes a constant source of com- ment to persons passing that way.